

The Maidens Nay, Or, I love not you.
To a pleasant new Tune.



I spied a nymph trip over the plain,
I lur'd to her, she turned again,
I wo'd her as a young man should do,
but her answer was, sir, I love not you.

This is the pleasant piping time,
This is the pleasant golden prime,
But age will come and make you to rue,
that e're you said, sir, I love not you.

I thought she seemed in every part
So lovely fram'd by Natures Art,
Her beauty soon allured me to wooe,
but her answer was, sir, I love not you.

O do not thou my suit disdain,
Nor make me spend my time in vain,
But kindly grant a Lovers due:
yet still she said, sir, I love not you.

I told her all the ~~ways~~ of love,
And whatsoever her mind might muse,
To entertain a Lover true,
but her answer was, sir, I love not you.

Fair nymph, quoth I, but grant me this,
To enrich my lips with one poor kiss,
I grant you ~~thou~~ which I grant but few,
yet still she said, sir, I love not you.

I told her how I would her deck,
Her head with gold, with pearls her neck
She gave a frown, and away she flew,
but her answer was, sir, I love not you.

The young man proffering then to depart
It griev'd this Maiden then to the heart:
For hating kiss, O then did she rue,
that e're she said, sir, I love not you.

Not me (sweet heart) O tell me why:
Thou shouldst my proffered love despise:
To whom my heart I have bowed so true,
but her answer was, sir, I love not you.

Wherefore with speed she thought it best,
To stay him by her kind request:
Whose counsels then ha'nt caus'd her to rue,
that e're she said, sir, I love not you.

My sweet and dearest love, quoth I,
Art thou resolv'd a maid to die?
Of such a mind I know but few,
but her answer was, sir, I love not you.

But now at last she did begin
With gentle words to lure him in:
The second part shall plainly shew,
she chang'd her note of, I love not you.

45.

6. 28.

69.

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The second part to the same Tune.



Kind sir, quoth she, what needs this hast,
With that a smile on him she cast,
Shame curb'd her long, but affection drew
these word, I love no man but you.

I fel the force of Cupids dart
So deep hath pierc'd my tender heart :
Believe me then for my words are true,
you will I love, sir, and none but you.

Do not deny my proffered love,
Nor think that I the wanton prove :
Though women seldom use to woe,
yet I will love, sir, and none but you.

When women love then will it hide,
Until their Lover they have try'd :
Though I say nay, as maidens do,
you will I love, sir, and none but you.

Here is, quoth she, my heart and hand,
My constant love thou hast command :
And I do vow to be ever true,
you will I love, sir, and none but you.

Whilst golden Titan doth display
His beams unto the cheerful day,
Whilst springing the winter doth ensue,
you will I love, sir, and none but you.

On thee my love is fixed fast,
On thee my love is firmly plac'd,
For thee I'll bid the world adieu,
you will I love, Sir, and none but you.

If Hero should Leander leave,
Fair Lucrece Collatine receive,
Or Syrinx prove to Pan untrue,
yet I love you, Sir, and none but you.

Object no former top reply,
Suspect no future constancy :
Accepte my love as a tribute due
only to you, Sir, and to none but you.

The young man noting well her words,
This courteous answer then affords :
Give me thy hand, take mine in lieu :
my love I grant here, and so do you.

To Church 'with speed then let us hie,
In marriage bands our selves to tye :
Whiles interchanging hands and hearts,
I'll love thee dearly till death us parts.

Mark well my song you maidens top,
They count true love a foolish top :
Do not disdain when young men woe,
but love them freely as they love you.

FINIS.